

nobly fought their battles. Garrison, Sumner, Seward, and Greeley are names that, to the mass of them, are unknown. But the name of Abraham Lincoln is engraved on all their hearts. It is not surprising that they should know him only, or that they should almost worship his memory.

Many of the negroes look beyond Mr. Lincoln for the gift of their freedom; they look upon him as the instrument of the divine Providence. But the majority of them do not look beyond the instrument. It seems to me a matter of vast moment to both races that the hand of God should be recognized in this whole history—one of the most remarkable that belongs to the annals of any nation. It is important to the emancipated negro to see God in his freedom, that there may be in his heart and life a right conscience in the use of his freedom. This lesson a few of them—very few, I fear—have learned. The majority accept the fact, in a blind sort of way, as deliverance from restraint, as license to do what they will. But their freedom can never bring them its fullness of blessing till the heart of the emancipated race is penetrated and saturated with this conception: "The good hand of God is in all our history; he overruled the slavers who brought us here; he overruled slavery; he gave us our freedom."

I would not diminish their gratitude to Mr. Lincoln or to the party he represented; I would